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There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of Sheldon Clark illustrates the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them, a rich heritage to children's children.

Phebe Ann Lightner was married to John Cleek, on Knapps Creek, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and the late William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleshman.

The annals just recorded of these persons may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical notes material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

JOHN BARLOW.

Among the worthy pioneers of our county, the venerable John Barlow, ancestor of the Barlow connexion, is very deserving of remembrance. He was the only son of Alexander Barlow, of Bath County, who was a French emigrant, and had married an English emigrant, whose name was Barbara. He was living in Bath when the Revolutionary war came on. Entering the service of the colonies he fell in battle, according

to authentic tradition.

This soldier's widow married Henry Casebolt and lived at the Auldrige Place on the mountain overlooking Buckeye.

Our pioneer friend was born November 26, 1781, and when he reached manhood, he found employment very readily for he was honest and industrious. There will always be a place for such as long as there remains work to be done. Alexander Waddell, who lived on the Moore place near Marvin, had him employed. Young Barlow and one of the daughters became attached, and were married in 1806. The engagement occurred while Martha Waddell and Yong Barlow were getting in a supply of firewood. She drove the sled while he chopped and loaded. It is not often that wood is chopped and hauled under such pleasingly romantic circumstances. At the time of their marriage the groom was 25 and the bride 16.

John and Martha Barlow began home keeping at the "Briar Patch," on Buckley Mountain, now known as the Pyles property. A point that commands a very extensive view. Afterwards Mr Barlow bought a piece of land from Thomas Brock, on Redlick mountain. Here he built up a home, reared his family, and spent the greater part of his married life. This property is now owned by his son, Henry Barlow.

They were the parents of ten sons and five daughters: William, Alexander, James, John, Nathan, Josiah, Henry, Amos, George, and Andrew. The daughters were Elizabeth, who became the wife of the late William Baxter, Esq.; Miriam, who married Sam-

uel Auldrige; Mary Ann married James Auldrige; Ellen, who died at the age of four years; and a daughter unnamed, dying in infancy a few weeks old.

The eldest son, William, moved west and settled in Schuyler County, Missouri. Of this large family but three are now surviving. Henry Barlow, near Edray, on the old homeplace. He has been a merchant and grazier, and has been very successful in business. The second survivor, and one of the youngest of the family, is Amos Barlow, of Huntersville. He is a merchant and farmer, and prospered greatly in business affairs. He is President of the County Court, and widely known.

It is worthy of mention that when our worthy pioneer bought the Brock land he paid for it in venison at fifty cents a saddle or pair. Mr Barlow estimated the number of deer killed by him at fifteen hundred. On the most lucky day of all his hunting career he killed six deer and wounded the seventh. He never kept count of the bears, panthers, wildeats, turkeys, and foxes shot by him. The elk and buffalo were virtually exterminated before his hunting days.

He was an expert marksman, and passionately fond of shooting, but the rules of his church—the Methodist Episcopal, of which he was one of the original members on Stony Creek— forbade shooting for prizes. A shooting match was arranged for in the neighborhood, and he attended as a spectator. The main prize was a quarter of beef. Near the close of the match a neighbor proposed to Mr Barlow to shoot in his place as his substitute. After much solicitation he consented, took

careful aim, and pierced the centre, thus gaining the savory prize of fat beef. A scrupulous fellow member felt in honor bound to report to the Presiding Elder, and have the offending brother duly disciplined for the credit of religion. The Elder had him cited to appear before the quarterly conference for trial. Brother Barlow meekly obeyed, and put in his appearance. When his turn came on the docket, the Elder said:

“Well, Brother Barlow, you are charged with shooting for a prize. What did you do?”

“I merely shot once,” replied Mr Barlow, “to accommodate a friend, not for the purpose of getting a prize for myself.”

“Did you win the prize?”

“I did.”

“Did you get the beef?”

“Only so much as my friend sent me for a mess.”

“Was it good beef?”

“Yes, very nice.”

“Well,” says the Elder, after some apparently serious reflection, and solemn groanings of the spirit, “I see nothing wrong in what Brother Barlow has done, so I will just drop this case and proceed to the next matter of business.”

During his last days, while kept at home and out of the woods by the infirmities of age, our venerable friend was asked if he would like to live his life over again. He replied; “I have no wish to live my life over again, but there is one thing I would like to do, and that is to have one more good bear hunt on Red

Lick Mountain."

This aged and interesting man passed away January 23, 1866, verging 85 years of age. His devoted wife died October 7, 1872, aged 82.

Conscientiously honest themselves, they believed everybody else to be honest. They were Israelites in deed, in whom there was no guile. On them and their children rest the blessing promised to the meek and the pure in heart; provided, they cherish purity and meekness as their venerated pioneer ancestors did.

FELIX GRIMES.

This paper is devoted to the memory of two persons whose numerous descendants have formed an influential element of our citizenship for the past 75 years.

Felix Grimes, the pioneer, and his wife, Catherine, were natives of Ireland. The ship on which they sailed came near being lost during a storm in mid-ocean. At one time the masts were touching the waves, and water pouring in over the ship's side. The passengers and some of the sailors were in frantic terror,—some were praying, some cursing and swearing, and some wildly screaming with fright. The captain and some of the crew were self-possessed enough to urge the passengers to the opposite side of the vessel, and it righted at once, and the voyage was made in safety thereafter. It took three months to make the crossing. The landing was at New Castle, most probably, and some time was spent in Pennsylvania. Following the tide of emigration, these persons finally located a home on the

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

No. S-6738
(Carded)

Virginia----12,977

BRADSHOW, John.
of Birth----Age 74 years, 1835. 3
----2 years, Indian Spy.
pt. Henderson, Hicklin.
l. Mathew's Va. Line.
s----Col. S. Estill, Mathews.
signs----Yorktown. (Augusta Co.)
me of Enlistment----Boutetourt, now Monroe Co., Va.
ent----May 1, 1776-1777-1778-1779-1781.
the Revolution----Augusta Co., Va.
cion for Pension and Residence at that time---May 7, 1833,
, June 7, 1832).
---Dec., 1834.
rades of the Soldier who may have made Affidavit in Support
nd his Widow's Claim, their Place of Residence, Age or
v. John L. Blain, Wm. McCord, John Slaven.

ed, June 21, 1833. No. 12, 977, Va. Service, Indian
30.00 per annum.
1776.

of Rockbridge Co., was wounded in battle of Portsmouth

Buried Hanterville Cem.
Pocahontas Co.

Pocahontas COUNTY

We, John S. Blaine, a Clergyman, residing in the County of Pocahontas, and Benjamin Tallman, residing in the same County, hereby certify, that we are well acquainted with John Bradshaw, who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration; that we believe him to be 72 years of age; that he is reputed, and believed where he resides, to have been a soldier of the Revolution, and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn, and subscribed, the day and year aforesaid.

JOHN S. BLAINE
BENJAMIN TALLMAN.

And the said Court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter, and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War Department, that the above named applicant was a Revolutionary soldier, and served as he states. And the Court further certifies that it appears to them that John S. Blaine, who has signed the preceding certificate, is a Clergyman, resident in the county of Pocahontas, and, that Benjamin Tallman, who has also signed the same, is a resident in the same County, and is a credible person, and that their statement is entitled to credit.

JOHN BRADSHAW
"INDIAN SPY"
DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By
Richard Lee Bradshaw

1992

5 Tiburon Court
Manhattan Beach, California
90266

In May 1929, the Federal Government erected a monument in the cemetery of the small West Virginia town of Huntersville. The monument was to the memory of a local hero, John Bradshaw. It's gone now.

Even in 1929 no resident of Huntersville was then so long-lived as to have had personal recollections of John Bradshaw, for Bradshaw had died in November or December of 1837. There were, at the time, sufficient sites around the town to keep his memory alive and the townspeople could point out where the wild cherry tree had grown directly over his grave. That, too, is gone now.

John Bradshaw had come to the site where Huntersville now stands in the early 1800's and there he erected his solitary cabin home. Soon afterwards the people of Bath county constructed a wagon road from Warm Springs, over the mountains, to Bradshaw's cabin. An enterprising man named John Harness began hauling goods from Staunton, Virginia, into the mountains of West Virginia for the purpose of trading with the trappers and settlers, and it was at Bradshaw's house that he made his headquarters. Out of his stock in trade, which was largely salt, coffee, gunpowder, lead, and calico, he traded with the hunters who brought their pelts, venison, and ginseng. From this trading post the place became known as Huntersville.

In the month of March, 1821, the General Assembly of Virginia passed a measure to form a new county out of portions of Bath, Pendleton, and Randolph counties. The first county court for this new county called Pocohontas was convened at Bradshaw's cabin on March 5, 1822. Sixty-six year old Bradshaw watched as the court chose officers for the county and then accepted his own appointment as one of the Justices of the Peace. In the month of May following the first Grand Jury that ever sat for the county was empaneled at Bradshaw's cabin. Among the twenty-two sworn jurors were men from all over the area: McNeel, Moore, Grimes, Lewis, Bridger, Lockridge, Dougherty, and Bradshaw's son-in-law, Samuel Hogset. These men had journeyed from their isolated settlements scattered throughout the hills and valleys. In all there were probably no more than 200 residents of the county. These were mountain men with mountain ways.

The cosmopolitan lawyer of Augusta county, John Howe Peyton, ventured up to Huntersville in 1823. Upon arrival back to the relative comfort of Warm Springs, Peyton wrote his wife about his fatiguing journey:

John H. Peyton to Mrs Peyton

Warm Springs, Sept 1st, 1823

My Beloved Ann;

On the day we parted the Judge (Archibald Stuart) and myself arrived without adventure at General Blackburn's.

On the next day at Colonel Cameron's and on Tuesday at two o'clock arrived at Huntersville, the seat of the Justice of Pocohuntas (sic) county - a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad conditions of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so-called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn (though it is not time that has worn them) weather-beaten cabins built of logs and covered with clapboards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them.

One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is the Loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and little wheel are birring in every hut and throw off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers.

In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fireplace, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night adavanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets - one for the Judge, the other for myself. To the left of the fireplace stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the Loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed the appointments - one was allotted to Sampson Matthews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown. The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used

by the weaving women, my clients roosted on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice.

Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is a profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of a goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presume, we had a table cloth - they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color - and clean sheets on our beds. This matter of sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as not unfrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bedclothing. Old Bradshaw's family is scrupulously clean, which is somewhat remarkable in a region where cleanliness is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocohontas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks of cattle, horses and sheep, which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little need of it - every want is supplied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted.

On Saturday the Judge and I visited Sandy Lockridge, where we were very hospitably entertained. His house is in every way a respectable dwelling, with plenty of room and very good furniture. On Saturday we returned to Col. Cameron's and this evening arrived here in sound health and excellent spirits, notwithstanding our rough experiences. I was much disappointed not to find a letter awaiting me from my dear wife. Ben Crawford has, however, relieved my anxiety, by telling me that he saw you on Saturday sitting at the front window of your dining-room writing, and thought he heard the prattle of Susan in the room. I imagine you were writing to me and hope to-morrow's mail will fetch the coveted letter.

Your father's will has been recorded in Alleghany county and your brother William has qualified as sole executor - the sale is to take place day after tomorrow, but nothing will be sold but the livestock. I have seen none of our relations or connections since I have left home - have learned these facts from others.

Accept the best wishes of your husband for yourself and our dear little girl, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

John H. Peyton.

If John Howe Peyton had little respect for his backwoods clients, it is more than likely his clients took full-measure of their lawyer. These circuit-riding lawyers were often regarded as meddlers, quarrel-mongers, and worse by their clients, but the profession was the quickest and surest way to social prominence and political office on the frontier. Here a powerful constitution, common sense, and a journalist's nose for gathering and delivering the latest news were more important than a knowledge of the fine points of the law. It may have been Peyton who brought the news of Congress' appropriation for pensions to be paid to Revolutionary War Veterans.

John Bradshaw offered application for his Revolutionary War Pension on the 2nd of February 1833. He was, then, seventy-four years old and recalling his experiences of some 50 years earlier. His statements are concise and direct narrations of his service dates, commanders, and assigned duties. Still, reading his deposition one gets the feeling his memory was sharp and clear but that he felt no need to brag, or even tell all his war experiences in detail. In fact, a short study of the contemporary times on the western frontier of Virginia tells more about Bradshaw's experiences than his application; together they tell an interesting tale of adventure.

In 1776 Bradshaw was an eighteen year old private in Captain John Henderson's company of Militia at the lower end of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Henderson was settled on Draper's Meadows road between the North Fork of the Roanoke and Tom's Creek. Nearby lived Andrew Lewis, the hero of Point Pleasant, fought in October of 1774. Further west, up through the narrow defiles of the New River, Captain Wallace Estill had established his settlement on the Indian Creek in what is now Munroe county, West Virginia. Estill and his formidable fighting force of eight sons formed the western barrier to English-inspired Indian attacks during the American Revolution. One of Estill's daughters married into the Henderson family.

No less a fighting force was "General" Andrew Lewis and his three brothers; Thomas, Samuel, and William. Charles, another brother, had been killed at Point Pleasant. John Howe Peyton's second wife Ann, to whom he addressed the letter previously quoted, was the granddaughter of William Lewis "the Civilizer of the Border".

Young John Bradshaw was ushered into this world of experienced frontiersmen on the first of May, 1776, when he took the Oath of Fidelity and the Oath of Performance to undertake the duties of an "Indian Spy". Four successive spring and summer seasons, 1776 through 1779, Bradshaw and one companion patrolled the woodlands between New River, Laurel Creek, and Stony Creek. Leaving Cook's Fort on Indian Creek they would be out four days each week and then return when their replacements would then go out. They took stands at the gaps and low places on the mountains between William Lafferty's plantation on the New River and the headwaters of Laurel Creek where they met spies from Burnside's Fort. They traversed the entire county; the headwaters of Big and Little Stony Creek, the Indian Draft (a branch of Indian Creek), and the headwaters of Wolf Creek. Each man carried his own provisions, traveled light and fleet-footed, and slept cold being forbidden by his Oath to light a fire.

Unless he was somehow different from his contemporaries Bradshaw would have been clothed in a hunting shirt, a loose wraparound frock of coarse linen that hung below his thighs, lashed to his body by a belt which was always tied at the back. Suspended from his belt were his scalping knife, powder horn, bullet pouch, and tomahawk. Most men chose to protect their legs with a pair of breeches and laced leather leggings but Bradshaw might have copied other young scouts who wore only a breechcloth and high leather stockings under their hunting shirt which left their upper thighs and most of their buttocks bare. The hunting shirt was a knapsack as well as a garment and into it the scout could stuff a large chunk of cornbread, salt, cold meat, and a bundle of gun-cleaning tow. Moccasins were the footwear of the day and were customarily stuffed with deer hair or dried leaves for insulation. The last, and most indispensable, piece of his outfit was his long-barrelled, flintlock, Pennsylvania rifle (only later called a Kentucky rifle).

Bradshaw's scouting companions were Francis Ellis, who was considerably

older than Bradshaw, and Samuel Estill who was just three years older. Estill stayed for just one season with Bradshaw in western Virginia and the following year he helped Daniel Boone defend Boonesboro in Kentucky.

The establishment of Kentucky forts relieved the threats of Indian attacks into the Shenandoah Valley, and the capture of the British western commander, in 1779, assured the American westward expansion.

John Bradshaw moved northward in the Shenandoah and settled in Parnassus, near Staunton where he met and married Nancy McKamie.

Virginia alone of the southern colonies had escaped the heavy ravages of war until 1780 when the traitorous Benedict Arnold, now a British brigadier general, headed a large detachment that disembarked at Westover on the James River. Washington had long warned Jefferson that Virginia must defend itself but Jefferson was unable to mount proper forces. Arnold entered Richmond unopposed then went further upstream and destroyed a gunpowder factory and iron foundry at Westham. Virginia militiamen under Von Steuben turned Arnold back to Portsmouth where he decided to take up winter quarters. Jefferson was determined to capture the "greatest of all traitors".

Bradshaw was drafted from Augusta county in January 1781. His company commander was Capt. Thomas Hicklin, his lieutenant was Joseph Gwinn, and his Ensign was Thomas Wright. Hicklin's company was attached to the regiment of Col. Sampson Matthews - father of Sampson Matthews who lodged in Bradshaw's loam-house during John Howe Peyton's visit ?

Matthew's force marched across the Blue Ridge Mountains, through the Rockfish gap, and down the James River to Richmond. From Richmond they moved down the James to Sandy Point where they crossed the river and, finally, they encamped in the Dismal Swamp outside Portsmouth where they wintered for the remainder of the season. Bradshaw spent time scouting the picket lines guarding Portsmouth and was engaged in one skirmish during which a Captain Cunningham from Rockbridge was wounded in the groin. Bradshaw said Cunningham fell just a few paces in front. Bradshaw was a Sargeant.

Benedict Arnold escaped the noose and most of the Virginia militiamen were sent home for the summer harvest. Bradshaw was discharged 9 April, 1781.

The danger to Virginia was not passed. Lord Cornwallis was obsessed with the importance of Virginia to the overall British strategy. Cornwallis had reached Virginia shortly after the middle of May and began a wild-goose chase after LaFayette. Arnold attempted to turn LaFayette's left flank and get behind him but LaFayette recognized that his forces were too small to resist and he withdrew to the north. Sir Henry Clinton, writing from New York, insisted that Cornwallis take and hold a post on the Chesapeake and send 3,000 of his troops to defend New York. Cornwallis picked Yorktown.

Virginia's defenses were split in half, LaFayette holding ground in the interior, and the forces of General Greene struggling up through the Shenandoah from North Carolina. The British light cavalry, under Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton, made a lightning attack centered on Charlottesville in an attempt to capture Thomas Jefferson and other members of the Assembly who were sheltering there. Most of the Assemblymen escaped over the Blue Ridge mountains to Staunton. Jefferson escaped from Monticello and went elsewhere.

Bradshaw was once again drafted, "in the latter part of summer or early autumn". The company commander was still Capt. Hicklin, but the Regiment was now commanded by Col. Samuel Vance.

The call to arms was issued late Saturday night. Bradshaw's young wife cooked, washed, cried, and prayed all day Sunday and had him ready for war early Monday morning, and by nightfall he was in Staunton on his march. Down, again, through the Rockfish Gap the Regiment skirted north-east to Bowling Green, passing the Page Wase House to "Little York" where the seige of Yorktown was about to commence. Bradshaw would say, later, that here he fought in blood "shoe-mouth deep".

General Washington arrived at Yorktown on September 15. The American heavy cannon, ordnance stores, and ammunition was just beginning to arrive and it would be a month before they were ready to fire back at the British guns that were already raking the American trenches. In the meantime some of the militiamen amused themselves by taunting the British;

"A militiaman this day, possessed of more bravery and (sic) prudence, stood constantly on the parapet and d----d his soul if he would dodge for the buggers. He escaped longer than could have been expected, and, growing foolhardy, brandished his spade at every ball that was fired, till, unfortunately, a ball came and put an end to his capers ..." -Diary of James Duncan. Entry for October, 3, 1781.

October 9th ninety-two American cannon, mortars, and howitzers opened their first bombardment. It was said the first shell entered an elegant house formerly occupied by the Secretary of State under the British government, struck and killed a number of British officers as they sat at dinner. Eight days later Cornwallis realized that all hope of retreat was lost and he opened negotiations for surrender. In two days all points of surrender were agreed and at about noon the combined force of American and French were drawn up in two lines stretching more than a mile in length from Yorktown to the field where the British soldiers were to stack their arms. At two o'clock the British marched out, headed by General O'Hara who substituted for Cornwallis. Cornwallis plead that he was indisposed.

After returning to Yorktown, the British were guarded by Bradshaw's company and others and then marched north across Virginia to Winchester at the head of the Shenandoah Valley. The war was over for Bradshaw and he was discharged the day after reaching Winchester.

Bradshaw and his wife moved to a new place, ten or eleven miles below McDowell, on the Bullpasture river in Augusta county. He drew a prize of ten thousand dollars in a lottery and this tremendous windfall made him one of the wealthiest local men of the time. This may have made it possible for him to obtain property at the site of present day Huntersville while continuing to retain the property on the Bullpasture river. He also bought Peter Lightner's grist mill on Knapp's creek, and sometime before his death, he donated and deeded the site for the public buildings in Pocahontas county. Despite John Peyton Howe's description of his lowly dwelling house, Bradshaw was described as having the manners of an "elegant gentleman of the old school". In appearance his personality was "striking, large, and portly and scrupulously neat in his dress". He used a crutch that was profusely ornamented with silver mountings.

John Bradshaw and his wife Nancy McKamie Bradshaw had four sons and four daughters; James, John, Thomas, William, Nancy, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jane. James Bradshaw settled on the old homestead in Augusta county and was succeeded there by his sons John and Franklin; Mrs Eveline Byrd, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county was a daughter. Two grandsons of James Bradshaw were James Bradshaw of McDowell, and Capt R.H. Bradshaw who was killed at the Battle of Port Republic during the Civil War.

WHO WAS JOHN BRADSHAW ?

Some say John Bradshaw came to America about 1760 along with his brother, James. It was said that James went to Kentucky while John settled in Augusta county, on the Bullpasture River, ten miles below McDowell⁽¹⁾. Others say John Bradshaw was the son of William Bradshaw of Henrico, Goochland, and Cumberland counties in Virginia⁽²⁾. It is a disagreement difficult to settle.

The majority of the early Shenandoah Valley settlers were not "Tidewater" Virginians. Instead, they were Scotch and English from the Ulster plantation of Ireland, Huguenots from France, Lutherans from Germany, and Quakers from Pennsylvania. Most Virginians had considered the Blue Ridge Mountains a western boundary and the early settlers entered the valley from the north, following the river south from its junction with the Potomac. The first two great waves of immigration from Ulster to the colonies of Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania began to crowd the frontier southwest of Philadelphia by 1730. In 1738 the Royal Governor of Virginia, supported by Tidewater planters, actively sought to persuade newcomers to leave the crowded frontier and settle in the Shenandoah. Governor Gooch accepted a demand, drawn by the Philadelphia Presbyterian Synod, for religious tolerance as a prerequisite for settlement. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th great immigration waves spilled out of Pennsylvania and peopled the Shenandoah, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Kentucky.

In 1738 an act was passed for the formation of Augusta and Frederick counties but they were not organized until 1745. New magistrates for Augusta county included John Lewis, Thomas Lewis, and George Robinson. "Captain" George Robinson was leader of one of the 12 companies of militia raised in Augusta in 1742, and among his company was a man named William Bradshaw (spelt "Bradshay"). In 1749 William Bradshaw obtained 200 acres on Back Creek, on Reed's Road above Davidson's Survey. Five years later he settled land on a branch of Craig's Creek, northwest of today's Roanoke. Presumably this has some connection with a tributary called "Bradshaw's Creek" that flows down the valley between Pearis Mountain and Fort Lewis. Whether William Bradshaw came across the Blue Ridge Mountains from Goochland county, or down the valley of the Shenandoah from Delaware or Pennsylvania, is not now known⁽³⁾.

Braddock's defeat at Pittsburgh in 1755 threw the western frontier open to Indian attacks and no degree of safety was restored for 20 years. During that period western pioneers became a law unto themselves, largely ignored by the easterners of the Tidewater.

It was reported, in February 1757, that William Bradshaw and his son were taken prisoner by Indians at Craig's Creek. Later in the same year Bradshaw's neighbor, John Mathews, died and in his will he instructed his sons, George and Sampson Mathews, to convey to Bradshaw a tract of land that he had sold. Presumably the conveyance could not take place because Bradshaw was a captive. Ten years later (1767);

"Sampson and George Mathews, executors of John Mathews, to William McBride. John in his lifetime sold to William Bradshaw 306 acres in the forks of the James River and by his will directed his executors to make deed for the same, and Bradshaw relinquishes his purchase in favor of William McBride."

William Bradshaw's name does not appear in the records after this date but the name of William McBride appears as one of the early Kentucky settlers; he was killed by Indians at the Battle of Blue Licks, 1782⁽¹⁾.

A person named Thomas Bradshaw, described as a "weaver", witnessed a deed in the northern end of the Valley in 1755. Thomas was dead eleven years later and in his will the names of his children are given; James, Jane, and Thomas Jr. Testators to his will were Richard Mathews, William Mathews, and Mary Mathews.

Hugh Hicklin and Elizabeth (his wife ?) conveyed 100 acres of land on a "draft" of Newfoundland Creek, called the Bullpasture, to James Bradshaw in 1766; Wallace Estill was one of the witnesses.

James Bradshaw and Agnes Bradshaw (presumably husband and wife) witnessed the will of Thomas Hicklin, Sr., 20.November 1771, and "James Bradshaw of Fayette county, Kentucky" along with Thomas Bradshaw and Margaret of Augusta county Virginia conveyed property after 1780.

So far there is no established connection found to tie John Bradshaw of Huntersville with any of these earlier Bradshaw's, although he did have connections to the Mathews', the Estill's, and the Hicklin's.

A person named John Bradshaw was settled in Tazewell county, at the head of the Clinch River, about 1771/72. If this was John Bradshaw of Huntersville he would have been but thirteen years old.

Page 11 - John Bradshaw, Indian Spy.

NOTES;

Page 9;

- (1). Wm. T. Price - Historical Sketches of Pocohontas Co.
- (2). Walter Lee Bradshaw - The Bradshaws of Henrico and Goochland Counties, etc.
- (3). F. B. Kegley - Virginia Frontier

Page 10;

- (1). George M. Chinn - The History of Harrodsburg and the Great Settlement Area of Kentucky.

John Howe Peyton's letter quoted from "Memoir of John Howe Peyton", by Ann M. Peyton.

5 Tiburon Court
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310)545-7693

10 January 1993

Mr. Bill McNeil
810 2nd Avenue
Marlinton, West Virginia 24954

Dear Mr. McNeil;

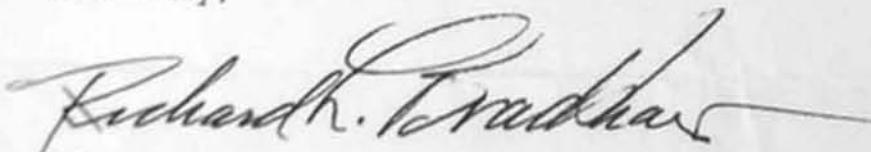
Some months ago we spoke on the telephone, regarding the grave of JOHN BRADSHAW in Huntersville, West Virginia. You were very kind to spend time in answering my questions, and I thank you for that !

I've been able to put together a small monograph on John Bradshaw and I enclose a copy for you. Use it as you wish, and if it will help in any way to resolve the encroachment that you described - good.

John Bradshaw's daughter married someone named Byrd in Greenbrier and was later called "Mrs Eveline Byrd". Could it be possible that she is an ancestor of the well-known Byrd family of Virginia ? I'll do more inquiry on that.

I hope your Christmas holiday went well and that your New Year will be happy and prosperous.

Sincerely,



Richard L. Bradshaw

Member Society of Genealogists, London

encd.

Marlinton, West V

CHURCH BURNED

The fine big Presbyterian Church at Cass burned down Tuesday afternoon. The building is about a total loss. Much of the furniture was saved. It is thought the fire originated from the electric wires to the organ. The loss is estimated at \$20,000, partially covered by insurance.

A CORRECTION

THE POCOHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1928

The Huntersville road. I found some good examples of ripple marks turned into hard red stone on the road side. The slabs of rock would do well enough for a wash board. The theory is that the sand was smooth along the beach and that in a sheltered cove the sand or mudflat was swept by wavelets so that the

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At that time there was no one living here that we can definitely determine. So to bring the conversation down to the times known as A. D., I want to make some mention of a citizen who so far as I can figure out has the right to be known as the father and founder of Huntersville, and that is John Bradshaw.

The name of Bradshaw has faded out of Pocahontas county, but a large number of citizens of the name of McLaughlin, Cackley, Gwin, Hogsett and Tallman are direct descendants of the old pioneer. It is safe to say that enough descendants of this Soldier of the Revolution could be named who would far outnumber the members of the societies known as

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EDITOR.

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the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution in West Virginia, as large and prosperous as those societies have become. John Bradshaw had four sons who removed to foreign countries, two to Missouri, one to Virginia, and one to Lewis county. He had four daughters who married here and left a host of descendants. At the time that the Revolution broke out John Bradshaw was eighteen years old. At that time he was scouting around on the western waters somewhere about Wolf Creek, in Monroe county.

Early in that war the Indian armies appeared on our western frontier, and the backwoodsmen were organized into a branch of colonial service known as rangers, but officially designated as Indian spies. It was their duty to watch the country along the Seneca trail from Monroe county to Preston county. Along this line a large number of stockade forts were built in the bloody seven ties. The best men were detailed for this service. They took the usual oath of the soldier and in addition to that oath they swore not to build a fire at night no matter how cold or rainy it might be. Bradshaw said that he usually made a three or four

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when country lying be Wolf Creek. That the spies traveled two in a company, and that it was his custom to scout through the woods and meet a similar detail from Burnside Fort. Bradshaw traveled out of Cook fort. The eastern bor der was watched in this way between the line of forts extending from the Tennessee country to northern Pennsylvania. Bradshaw went in company with James Ellis at times and on other occasions his partner was Col. Samuel Estell, of Kentucky. Each tour of duty made a circle of about thirty miles. His service was for six months each in the summers of 1776, 1777, 1778, and in 1779. In those months he engaged in no civil pur suit. The service lasted until Novem ber of each year, when it was consid ered that the country was safe from Indian raids on account of cold weath er. If the weather stayed warm, or a warm spell occurred in the winter, the thoughts of the pioneers would turn to the danger of an Indian raid and they would call it Indian sum mer.

At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies and married Nancy McKamie, and settled on the Bull Pasture river about ten miles below McDowell in the part of the country covered by Fort George, one of the forts of the line of forts built by Dinwiddie in the French and Indian war. Brad shaw seems to have had about a year at home. From November 1, 1779, to January 1, 1781. That was about the time that Col. Tarleton, and his dragons, chased the Virginians across

country. The main court, being a house of ent an ordinary was that ary could sell spirits small measure. For a half the charge was 17 pieces in those da cents and lodging of grain was 12 1 twenty four hour 12 1 2 cents. W John Bradsha Huntersville ca not marked by but it can be receive one of vided for by C ary soldiers, grave is mark growing dire place.

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bly into the mountains until the
statesmen met in Staunton, and an
alarm in the night, caused the legis-
lature to scatter in great haste at
that place;

Bradshaw joined the company of
Captain Thomas Hicklin, in Col.
Sampson Mathews regiment, and
served an enlistment of three months
from the highlands to the sea. He
was in a battle at Portsmouth, with
John Slaven, and a lot of other
mountain men, and being discharged
he came home for the summer. But
along in August he was called to the
colors again and again marched down
from the mountains to the sea, and
by the time that he got to Yorktown
the colonial troops had

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The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester un-

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double line and the Cornwallis army marched out of Yorktown between the lines and reached a place where they were required to lay down their arms. Some of the British soldiers threw their muskets down with force enough to injure the gun. Then the British marched back between the lines into Yorktown.

The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester under guard and Bradshaw was one of the guards, and when these prisoners were duly delivered at Winchester in the Valley, Bradshaw was discharged and came back to his home.

Soon after the Revolution, John Bradshaw moved west of the Allegheny and founded Huntersville. He got for his mounts in home the plantations now owned by Sherman P. Curry, the Amos Barlow heirs, and J. H. Buzzard, several square miles of territory, and this included all of the site of the town of Huntersville. The Bradshaw home was placed on a bluff looking down on the beautiful waters of Knapps creek, at or near the place where Isaac Barlow lives. Bradshaw was monarch of all he surveyed.

About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the moon-

the valley, Bradshaw was discharged and came back to his home.

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About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the mountains. A ticket that he held in a State lottery drew him a prize of ten thousand dollars and that was an immense fortune in those days.

He was a prominent figure in Bath county and in this county after its formation. My father remembers seeing him. My father was seven years old when John Bradshaw died

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seventy-nine years old. In his old
age, he was a large portly man, with
elegant manners, and fine dress, and
walked with a crutch richly inlaid
with silver.

When Pocahontas county was or-
ganized in the spring of 1822, the
commissioners met at John Brad-
shaw's house, and they took from
him a deed for about an acre of
ground on the bluff across the lane
from his house, for the county build-
ings. This site was accepted and a
brick courthouse built on it that
lasted until the county seat was
moved six miles west on the Hunters
ville road to the new city of Marlin-
ton.

John Bradshaw had another im-
mense tract of land in the Dilley's
Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new
county court was to grant license to
keep a house of private entertain-
ment at his residence for the year
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mense tract of land in the Dilley's
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One of the first orders of the new
county court was to grant license to
keep a house of private entertain-
ment at his residence for the year
ending in May, 1823. For this he
paid a license of \$4.50. But the
next year he was licensed to keep an
ordinary at the same place for a
license fee of \$18.00. In the mean-
time, Bradshaw sat as one of the
county court, being a justice of the
county. The main difference be-
tween a house of entertainment and
an ordinary was that that the ordin-
ary could sell spirits and wine by the
small measure. The court fixed the
tariff. For a half pint of whiskey
the charge was 12 1/2 cents or one
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pieces in those days. Meals were 25
cents and lodging 12 cents. A gallon
of grain was 12 1/2 cents and hay for
twenty four hours for one horse was
12 1/2 cents. What price soda water?

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John Bradshaw sleeps in the old Huntersville cemetery. His grave is not marked by a lettered monument but it can be located and it should receive one of the monuments provided for by Congress for Revolutionary soldiers. My father says that his grave is marked by a wild cherry tree growing directly over his last resting place.

The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state highway where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east. John Bradshaw departed this life January 6, 1837. A tall unlettered native slab of rock is at the head of the grave, and a smaller one at the

but it can be located and it should receive one of the monuments provided for by Congress for Revolutionary soldiers. My father says that his grave is marked by a wild cherry tree growing directly over his last resting place.

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You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession.

Close by him is the tomb of George

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Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession.

Close by him is the tomb of George W. Craig, a prominent citizen of this county, was born in 1801 and died in 1840. He was a merchant in the county seat. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church. One of his sons was the Rev. Dr. J. N. Craig, prominent in the Southern Presbyterian church. He was about my father's age and as boys they left the same day in company to enter Washington College at Lexington, Virginia. In the year 1830, where both graduated. So far as I know these were the first college graduates from Poochontas county, and both became

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A great many persons trace their line to John Bradshaw through the marriage of six of his granddaughters, children of William Bradshaw. Nancy married Isaac Hartman of Green Bank, Mary Jane married Alexander Moore, of Stony Creek, Senilda married Washington Nottingham, of Glade Hill, Huldah, married John A. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, Martha married Beverly Waugh, of the Lit-

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the Levels, and Matilda married Nicholas Linger of Lewis county.

There would be no trouble to form a very numerous society of the descendants of this Revolutionary soldier. And a reunion of his descendants on some summer day at the noted Curry arch just above and in sight of his grave would be notable gathering. It would make a grand monument for a tablet to be placed on this great arch with the name of John Bradshaw and the dates of his service in the war for independence.

The traveller on the Huntersville road can locate the tomb of John Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place

Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place where there are millions of small stones, the talus washed down from the hills above, and I stopped to take my daily breath of fresh air, and keep on with my continuing hunt for a perfect trilobite, which will probably be the millioneth stone I turn over.

As I scanned the gravel strewn stream beds, a young fellow came walking the road, and I hailed him and told him that I would be driving into town in a few minutes and he came and looked for specimens. He showed so much interest and intelligence in the work, that I asked him if he had had any experience in the business. He said he had worked on an expedition from the University of South America, for years,

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